

CONGRATULATORY POEM:

Humbly Inscribed to the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

On the CONCLUSION of the

CONVENTION

Between their MAJESTIES of

GREAT-BRITAIN and SPAIN.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BRETT, at the *Golden Ball*, opposite
St. Clement's Church, in the *Strand*, and sold by the Book-
fellers of *London* and *Westminster*. MDCCXXXIX.

(Price Six-Pence.)

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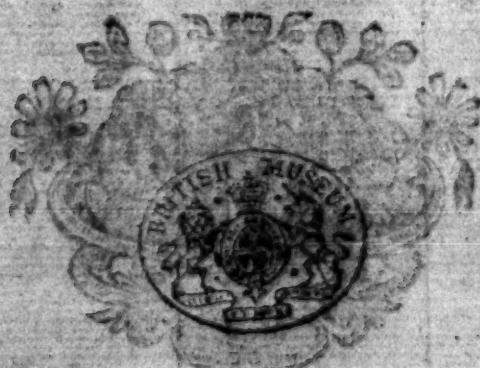
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Congratulatory P O E M, &c.



WHILE Faction rages with envenom'd Spite,
 And haggard Envy scouls, retir'd from
 Light;
 While free-born Britons wear a Face of
 Gloom,

And curse those Hands from whence their Blessings come,
 Do thou, my Muse, a nobler Task pursue,
 And set the Nation's Happiness to View.
 Not Arms, nor desolating War she sings,
 The Thirst of Soldiers, and the Pride of Kings;
 Of Kings, whose wild Ambition would disrobe
 Of all its Glories this terraqueous Globe;
 Would have Mankind obey their awful Nod,
 And dare to claim Equality with God.

Vain,

Vain, impious Men! unhappy is the Land
 That groans beneath the Weight of their Command
 Bound by no Laws; accountable to none,
 Their Wills, or Passions, are their Rule alone.

FAR other Counfels guide *Britannia's* Realm,
 Where *GEORGE* is Sov'reign -- *WALPOLE* at the Helm.
 The *First*, supremely Grand, like mighty *Jove*,
 Denounces Judgments, or proclaims his Love;
 Yet with strict Justice passes his Decrees;
 The Law, his Will; his Aim, the Subject's Ease.
 The *Last*, like *Phæbus*, shine with Wisdom's Rays,
 And stands distinguish'd with superior Grace:
 Deep is his Knowledge; vast his Reach of Thought;
 His Mind with wise *Minerva's* Precepts fraught.

LONG did the *Iberian*, with insulting Pride,
 The *British* Bravery, unchastis'd, deride;
 Long did our Merchants mourn successive Loss,
 Long wish'd to see some Hand avenge their Cause.
 At length the Lion rouses from his Den,
 Whets his strong Talons, shakes his shaggy Mane;
 The haughty *Spaniard* kens him from afar,
 Lowers his Crest, and dreads the threaten'd War.

Thy Patience, WALPOLE, long he had abus'd,
 And thy pacifick Terms with Scorn refus'd;
 Unknowing of thy Worth, presum'd to try
 Thy Stretch of Suff'rance, and thy Threats defy.

No more! — The *British* Genius is infus'd
 In WALPOLE'S Breast, too wise to be amus'd.

A noble Ardour fills his gen'rous Soul,
 That longs for Action, and disdains Controul,
 His suff'ring Country rises to his View,
 And all the PATRIOT brightens in Him now;
 In peaceful Terms resolves to treat no more,
 But speak in Thunder on th' *Iberian* Shore.
 He gives the Word; — Innumerable Hands
 Present themselves, and wait his high Commands.
 Go, and revenge, courageous Youths, he said,
 Your Country's Wrongs upon the *Spaniard's* Head.
 A sudden Ardour, and a glad Surprise,
 Fill their brave Hearts, and sparkle in their Eyes.
 They, quick as Light'ning, to their Posts repair,
 As if on each rely'd the Fate of War.
 A noble Fleet soon rides the turgid Main,
 Full-charg'd with all *Bellona's* dreadful Train.

THE frighten'd Spaniard, trembling, and aghast,
 Already sees his Country made a Waste;
 Thinks he beholds *Iberia* in a Blaze,
 And horrid Ruin stares him in the Face;
 Himself no Match for the enraged Foe,
 While conscious Guilt still aggravates his Woe.

" No Time's to lose, he cries; we must remove,
 " This Thunderbolt, and smoothe the Face of *Jove*.
 " The *British* Arms are rarely stain'd with Blood,
 " Unless Oppression, or Invasion rude
 " Attack their Rights, and stir them up to War;
 " 'Tis then their Adversaries learn to fear;
 " 'Tis then their Genius, WALPOLE, points their Rage,
 " And bids them boldly in the Fight engage.
 " Yet he is mild, and gentle as a Dove;
 " Peace is the darling Object of his Love.
 " For This, with careful Vigilance he wakes;
 " For This, his Pleasures, and his Rest forsakes.
 " His Country's Good engrosses all his Care;
 " His whole Attention still is fixed there.
 " From this one Point no Pow'r on Earth can stir
 " His constant Soul, incapable of Fear.

" Not

" Not all the Wealth our Golden *Indies* yield,
 " Not all the Treasures in the Earth conceal'd,
 " Can bribe his Hand, or once corrupt his Heart
 " To sell his Country, or its Care desert.

" THrice happy Land, with such a Guardian blest'd!
 " Thrice happy He, who stands the Man confess'd,
 " Whom Prince and People, in one Voice, unite
 " To style him Father, and their dear Delight.
 " The injur'd Merchant to his Trust commits
 " The Justice that his righteous Cause befits.
 " Him their chief Patron, thriving Tradesmen own,
 " While Peace and Plenty all their Wishes crown.
 " The painful Hind the fruitful Soil manures,
 " And promis'd Gain his lab'ring Hope allures.
 " The Harvest comes, and well rewards his Pain,
 " And spacious Barns secure the ripen'd Grain.
 " He freights a Ship, and sends his Corn abroad,
 " And Realms half-famish'd, bless the friendly Load.
 " The rich Returns repay his sweaty Toil,
 " And Mirth, and Cheer propitious on him smile.
 " Grateful he owns the prudent Statesman's Care,
 " Who keeps at Distance all the Plagues of War.

" Protects

" Protects his Liberty, secures his Life, his Name "

" And bids him wanton in the Joys of Peace. "

" Can bribe his Hand, or once corrupt his Heart "

" THEE, WALPOLE, shall surrounding Nations bless, "

" Their only Hope, and Refuge in Distress; "

" Gladly for Thee an Olive Garland wreath, " "

" And ardent Wishes for thy Welfare breathe. " "

" Whom Prince and People, in one Voice, unite "

" Thy weighty Services thy Prince shall own, " "

" And rest on Thee, the Burden of his Throne. " "

" The Justice that his righteous Cause bestows "

" BRITANNIA'S Sons their Joys shall loud proclaim, "

" Own their Protector, and adore thy Name; "

" WALPOLE the Great, the Wise, the Good, the Just, "

" And next their Sov'reign, Him their only Trust. "

" The Harvest comes, and well rewards his Pain, "

" And spacious Farms secure the ripen'd Grain. "

" He freightes a ship, and sends his Corn abroad, "

" And Reels his full-sam'd, blest the friendly Load. "

" The rich Returns thy Name is every Toil, "

" And Mirth, and Cheer propitious on him smile. "

" Grateful he owns the prudent Statesman's Care, "

" Who keeps at Distance all the Plagues of War. "

" Protects "

